

THE
WHIGG and TOR Y's
Friendly DIALOGUE,

O R, *Admonition to Unity, as the greatest help and inlet to peace and quietness.*

To the Tune of, *My Boys up go the.*

7. July. 1682

Whigg.

NOW now yon *Tories* pray give o're,
run not the poor *Whiggs* down,
Although they cannot damn and whore
yet they may love the Crown:
And love in heart their Sovereign *Charles*,
all Reasons will allow,
As well as those, Gods Laws oppose,
and to an Altar bow.

Tory.

Hold *Whigg*, you Tongue is too profuse,
then do more inveigh,
Against us that were ne'r his Foes,
but for him still do pray:
We'll venture Lives and Fortunes too,
his right for to maintain,
Whilst you do strive, for to deprive,
the Heir we would have Reign.

Whigg.

'Tis our design for to be free
from dangers that do threaten,
You know there was a time when we
by no Men could be beaten:
You think to get the upper hand,
and then to make us bow,
But 'tis believ'd, you are deceiv'd,
where's *Tory Thompson* now?

Tory.

'Tis true, once *Cromwel* led your Van,
you own'd him as you head,
And him you thought a famous Man,
who did the King behead:
For that a Curse upon this Land,
I fear there doth remain,
But blest be he, we hope to see,
after great *Charles* to Reign.

Whigg.

The *Pope* would *England* overcome,
which I hope ne'r to see,
If we should subject be to *Rome*,
in what a case were we:
How many Martyrs suffered Death,
that did refuse to bow
To Idols, therefore lost their breath,
but where's *Ned Coleman* now?

Tory.

Thou prating Fellow, 'tis not that
which we desire to have.
Thou pratest of thou know'st not what,
our party to out-brave:
Though *Monmouth* is a Princely Man,
yet we will tell you plain,
We will deprive him if we can,
that *Tork* in time may Reign.

Whigg.

Bet in the interim of time,
let Subjects all agree,
It is a matter so frivole,
it can't determin'd be:
By Mortals, that in little time,
to death must stoop and bow,
Obey the King in every thing,
and let's be friendly now.

Tory.

Now thou dost like a Christian speak,
none knows who first shall dye,
The strong may go before the weak,
and in his cold Grave lye:
The young before the old may drop,
and flye from Death in vain,
'Tis he our breaths must surely stop,
let whom God pleases Reign.